

WHAT TO BUY FOR A HOLIDAY PRESENT.

A great many of us, who are old people, with white or whitening or graying hairs, if we were asked what question seems to be the most important of all the unanswered ones to-day, would doubtless reply, and think ourselves very wise to do so: "How to reconstruct our wasted country"—for which we should probably be rewarded by a universal howl from the perverse and irreverent younger generation. For doesn't everybody in the land—aye, and every man and woman beside—that has experience to spend, know that the only question is, for a week to come, and has been for weeks past: "What shall I buy for a Christmas present?"

It is a beautiful and touching trait in this much abused human nature of ours that, regularly once a year the whole Caucasian race—the only one that has any real human nature, you know—should be so profoundly agitated in settling so unselfish a problem. For, of course, it is pure unselfishness. Everybody is eagerly seeking to give, of course without the slightest suspicion that he is to receive anything in return, and without even the wish to receive anything. Here is our grandchild Tom, for instance. How profuse he is in his inquiries as to what papa would like to have; how overpowering his offers to spend his whole board of penance in purchasing expensive luxuries for which he has overheard that extravagant person express interpenetrated wishes; and how prettily his generous impulses tend toward the very gifts for his papa, which, if it should enter his mind to wish for anything, would be the very thing that would at once suggest themselves to his fancy. How carefully, how free from all taint of "fishing," as it is rudely and ungenerously called, does he throw out allusions to shawls, and sleds and knives and balls and sets of tools! With what a winsome, innocent delight in another's joy does he inform everybody in the house, several times a day, that Charles Schumann has a real stable, with horses in it that have real tails, and real oats in their troughs. And how surprised he would be, if any one should basely conclude that he envied Charles, and should go and get just such another for him!

But it is true without a doubt, that everybody is asking this question, and that it is a puzzling one to answer. So we, who have the same difficulty that every one else has, and know no more than our neighbor what to give to brother or sister, to uncle or aunt, to cousin or to friend, to the whole circle of Christmas readers, as to how they may spend their money, if they have any, and wish to spend it. And if anybody thinks we have better make our own purchases first, and then let people know what we have bought, we object that, a chronic impunctuality has really taken away our appetite for Christmas gifts altogether, and that, for a long series of years, we have taken our Christmas out in studying shop-windows, and wishing; and as very few persons can have everything, we consider that we, who can have everything at this ridiculously cheap rate, are quite as much to be envied as our more apparently prosperous neighbors. However, as we have been sneered at and taunted, or imagine ourselves to have been, by some ill-conditioned reader, who thinks that we are giving advice in a matter we know nothing about, we will, in order to satisfy him, tell him what we have bought for our Christmas gifts, or mean to buy, when our ship comes home!

And, in the first place, we say nothing about the things we have ordered home—always standing outside the shop-window with the "Black your boots" and the "Pleasant, sir, poor girl's penny," and the other intelligent young people who will flatten their noses against the glass, and waste their unoccupied time in selecting the very prettiest things in the shop—we say nothing, were it not because everybody knows what they must be. Only let nobody think that our children are so absurdly brought up as to like any but the good old-fashioned, real toys that can be played with. That Tom, we spoke of, shall have tops and balls, sleds, skates, knives, tools, fishing-rods and a gun, but he shall not have a single French grammar, nor anything philosophical, nor anything that would waste up, nor anything that is instructive, not even a dissected map of our dissected country. The only concession we have made with regard to a magic lantern, and before sending even that home we requested Mr. Pike to take out all the pictures that were not funny.

We also, while we were bent on spending money, determined to rest our stock of family games, which, by a year's steady use, had really come to look disreputable. We object to saying it ourselves, yet there seems no chance of any one saying it for us, yet we have as fine a young family consisting, beside that irrepressible Tom, of two as pretty daughters and two as handsome boys as Queen Victoria herself can boast, which is saying as little as we could possibly say. Now, we have always encouraged these young people to play together as much as possible, and make their evenings merry whenever they could get up sufficient food of spirits, and it is surprising how very little difficulty there has been in managing that part of their education. On one point, our four feet—we mean our wife's two and our two—have been put down and planted inexorably:—you might as well try, as Caesar said, "to lift up Olympus," as to make us budge. We will have no lessons studied in the evening. We are determined we will have the evening for domestic enjoyment, and we wish the reader to know that we get it. When we are not visiting—and for the most part we go in a troop, or singing, or hearing Angelica and Medora play (those are not their real names, but they might have been if we had had more taste), or sitting quietly reading—we are playing games; and as our playing is very often boisterous—which, though ill-bred, is jolly—the games do get worn out, and so this year we have ordered home a new stock. A billiard-table we can afford if we could, we'd have one; but we have a fine bagatelle-board instead, which is very good fun in its way; and we have battledore and shuttlecock, which is as pretty a game as ever was played, when two such fine girls as ours are playing it. They struck the shuttle between them, the other evening, eight hundred times, and Bellarius Tompkins said—but never mind what he said, (Sary, as Tom insists upon calling him, is sweet upon Angelica, and says a great many things that would sound very silly if he wasn't), "Graces" used to be a favorite game with our children, and was recommended by Dr. Croaker as a good thing for the girls' cheeks, and they played it a good deal until the cheeks evinced the most singular pertinence in lighting on our head and our wife's alternately, and with such precision that we could hardly have believed it accidental, had not the girls assured us that they could not see what had got into the things; to which we benevolently replied, that it appeared to us, it was our heads. However, "Graces" has gone completely out of fashion, and "Parlor Croquet," of which young Mr. Ticknor sent home a most charming set only last evening, has taken its place, and the girls and their brothers are at present disturbing our writing with it at the other end of the room.

We have quiet amusements as well as noisy ones, however, and within the last two years four pieces of furniture have made their appearance at the front door—two each Christmas, and although they saw the room was full, they made no apologies than ladies do now for getting into a full omnibus; but came right in and took what places they could find. First, there came in a parlor organ, whether it was a Mason & Hamlin or a Carhart & Needham, we can't say, but it was the best, however. That was a superfluity, for Arty already had a piano and Medora has a harp, and hence has a violin, and plays it, too; but mamma wanted an organ and has got it. Then, there came in a Gro-Wheeler & Baker-Florence-on-sewing-machine, which has developed George's talent for millinery to that extent that all the young ladies of his acquaintance are kept constantly employed in basting things for him to read off. Between George's skill and her own, our excellent wife has more leisure than ever she had before, and says her sewing-machine is worth more to her than all the silver tea-pots that we could have bought her. (For, a silver tea-pot was what I was preparing.)

These things come last year, but this year the list is longer.

WEDDING WOE.

liful prevailed decidedly over the useful. First, George and Horace clabbed together, and presented to two girls with a Ward-case for plants, a splendid affair, in which one could almost take a walk, if he were small enough. It is a beautiful sight, as it stands there in the window, with its delicate ferns and rock-plant-shawls, such a fresh green through the clear plate-glass walls. Every day the canary bird is treated to an hour in it, and he is developing a most useful taste for aphides. By the way, Dick was a present, too. And so was the parrot, but he is dead, and we are all glad of it.

Hardly had the boys got their sisters' Ward-cases well set up, before there was another ring at the door, and in came the fresh-water aquarium, which the girls had got for their brothers. It is a matter of regret on the part of the family that Tom's taste for angling, which is something preternatural, should have been forgotten when this gift was devised, for in spite of threats of the most terrible nature, that miserable Watsonian cannot keep away from the enchanted pond, and by playing upon the inexperienced tastes of the shrimp, and the newt, and the turtle, and the minnow, has on successive occasions inveigled them out of their element into his, by means of crooked pins. It is therefore decreed that the aquarium will have to be taken up stairs.

It makes us blush to remember how many beautiful articles of feminine adornment we detected ourselves in sending home to our wife and daughter, but happily our orders do not seem to have been attended to. Sets of fur and always of the most expensive kind, excepting one of squirrel-skin, dyed sable color, presented to the cook (who immediately induced herself in it, in a state of prood intoxication, and, getting leave to show it to her cousin, was detained until the next morning in consequence); little worsted muff, that look more stylish than fur ones; lace-collars, and lace everything, for if we have a feminine weakness it is "lace"—but we won't take up the reader's time with the cartload of pretty things we ordered home for the ladies.

There were the bookshelves too, but that would be as long a list as the dry-goods shops. What with Dore's, "Bible" and "Dante," and "Don Quixote," and "Parrot" at Christmas, and Leybold's miniature photographs of these wonderful designs for slender pockets; and the beautiful English books at Ticknor's and Appleton's and Scribner's and Randolph's—and what a cozy, chatty, obliging shop is Randolph's, where there is no service too small for them to render; and Miller's, where there is a delightful mingling of progress and stationery—for doesn't he publish the "New Path," and can't he furnish your writing-desk as he did ours and that of every one of our family with every imaginable convenience for writing, and isn't it just the most brisk, snapping, business-like little establishment in the city? But we did not mean to say anything about books.

Then there was Knickerbocker's where we were fairly bewildered. We went up stairs and bought some pictures; bought Rosa Bonheur's "Spaniel," and Tesson's "Duck," and Williams' "Drink to the King," and ordered a water-colored drawing by Farrer, and another by Newman, and gave commissions to Moore and Eastman, Johnson and Homer and Griswold, and Coleman and Anderson, and tried to get away, and should have done so, easily, if we hadn't just stopped to look at the new photographs which Bingham will take, and Knickerbocker will import, and so we bought a dozen of the best, and then had to get a portfolio, and of course, a stand; and just then it occurred to us that we want a clock in our breakfast-room, and we wanted also to see Tom laugh when that absurd little cuckoo should jump out of its perch and cuckoo the time of day—so that went home, and then a glove box, and then—

Schuss, over the way, had Rogers's clay statuettes, and we sent home the "One more shot" to George, the best of them all, it seems to us; and before we knew it, we were giving directions for the prettiest of those pieces of Dresden china that he has—the only really elegant porcelain made in Europe, now—to be sent home with the statuettes. But it seems he didn't hear the order, reader, and there it is for you. Buy the little china shipper, why don't you?

Safely away from Schuss's at last, we stepped in to Spaulding & Brown's to see the ornaments they made from the apple tree which bore the Dead Sea apple of Reconstruction. Pretty ornaments they were, most prettily devised and cunningly made; and so were the clocks made in imitation of Mr. Lincoln's log cabin, a new device, and one that ought to be a favorite with the people, if we may judge by the multitude of portraits, busts and statuettes, that are made of the good President. Would some one could be inspired to make a good one! Well, Spaulding & Brown have sent us home our clock, or will, when we order it, and yours too, reader, if you order it in time.

And the China-shops! Oh, the woman in us, how it delighted at Collamore's over the English glass, and the just-as-well-designed and more crystal clear of our own American make, and over the hundred pretty devices that show how the blood of Pallas still runs in modern veins and the traditions of Faenza and Chaffinigo and Majolica and Chelsea are not forgotten. So we ordered home from Collamore's three pieces of German reproductions of sixteenth century glass-work, and this Japanese dinner-service, and this English reproduction of Venice, and very clever it is, too, in form though a good deal heavier than its model. Tom, too, was not forgotten. That his eyes might sparkle in the morning, we added to the list this prettily white hen in the whole world who will sit with commendable patience, and with all that stupidity of which even the prettiest hens are capable, on boiled eggs whenever we want her to, and there went, also, this neat little straw hat so cool and summery, which, when lifted as in salutation, will exhibit to the admiring breakfast table the palest pot of crocus-golden butter that our generous grocer can send us at anything like a reasonable price.

And now, all our money is spent, and shall it be said we have got nothing for it? Yes, reader, we still have our dream of full fulfillment—when our ship comes home.

CITY NEWS.

BOILER EXPLOSION.—Norman Ward is to present some new theories on this subject this evening before the Polytechnic branch of the American Institute.

An attractive holiday gift is "Pere's Magic Globe," with its magnetic men, ships, steamers, animals, etc., published by Charles Scribner & Co. The little ones at home, and even "children of a larger growth," will find great pleasure and profit in the novel and striking experiments afforded by these beautiful globes.

AMERICAN PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION.—The Grand Lodge of the American Protestant Association held an election for officers on Monday evening last, when the following officers were elected: W. G. Master, William Sharkey, W. G. Recording Secretary, William F. Lloyd, W. G. Treasurer, Morgan Gray, W. G. Chaplain, William Lambert, W. G. Con. John Morrow, W. G. Asst. Con. Andrew Ferguson, W. G. Tyler, Joseph McKinley and James Milligan.

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Latest Ship News.
ARRIVED.
Steamship Henry Clay (Pacific Mail), Gray, Ashland Dec. 13, with passengers, mail and cargo, to F. W. G. Bellows.
Steamship R. B. Cuyler, Doherty, New Orleans Dec. 13, noon, and on to Boston.
Steamship Albatross, Edgely, Philadelphia 21 hours, James to New York.
Steamship Albatross, Summer, New Orleans, James to New York.
Ship Kingfisher, Freeman, San Francisco 59 days, with mail to New York.
Ship Chief, Norris, Cadiz 50 days, with mail and cargo to J. F. Whiteley.
Ship John, De Soto, St. Thomas 18 days, with mail to R. D. Wolf & Co.
Ship Sarah Bernice, Stuart, Machias.
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copy one birth with me; it never occurred to me that Mrs. Potter committed an abortion on herself. The Denver was an old couple from Uta, friends of Mrs. Potter; Mrs. Potter now lives at No. 800 Sixth-ave.; I was never requested by a comrade to make a memorandum of what I knew; I made a statement in writing.
Q. How large was it?
A. (Objected to produce it. They refer to an affidavit.
Mr. McKee—We do not.
Then I do not object.
Witness—I made a statement of what I knew when Mrs. Potter was in the Tenth; I think Mr. Clinton got it. The witness was then cross-examined relative to the writing materials in Mrs. Potter's room in Waverley place.

Bishop Odenheimer fell from the steps of a church at South Amboy, N. J., on Sunday last, and broke his leg. He will be disabled, probably, for several months.

COURT CALENDAR—THIS DAY.
SUPREME COURT CIRCUIT—PART I.—Nos. 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 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